

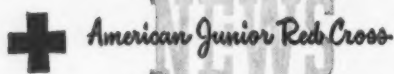
*RC Bulletin
Drawn*

NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

FEBRUARY - 1955





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YOUNG CITIZENS play safe

Our Cover

Joseph Krush, the artist who designed the NEWS cover this month, chose a scene that is familiar to all boys and girls, especially those who go to a city school. The friendly hand of a traffic policeman or of a Safety Patrol boy is raised to protect boys and girls at busy intersections. Young citizens cooperate with these friendly hands and obey their signals.

Remember

The life you save may be your own!

Day of Hearts

Valentine's Day is one we all like to keep. Besides sending valentines to our friends to show them how much we think of them, we can remember them in other ways, too. We can give them a valentine of good health and of safety throughout every day of the year, as well as on February 14. We can protect others when we have colds by using tissue handkerchiefs and by covering our sneezes and coughs. We can see that toys are picked up so that no one will stumble over them. We can learn first aid, so we will know what to do in an emergency. There are many other ways young citizens can think of giving as valentines of good health and safety. How many such valentines can you think of?

Great Men Said

Play and work the same way: with your whole heart and soul.

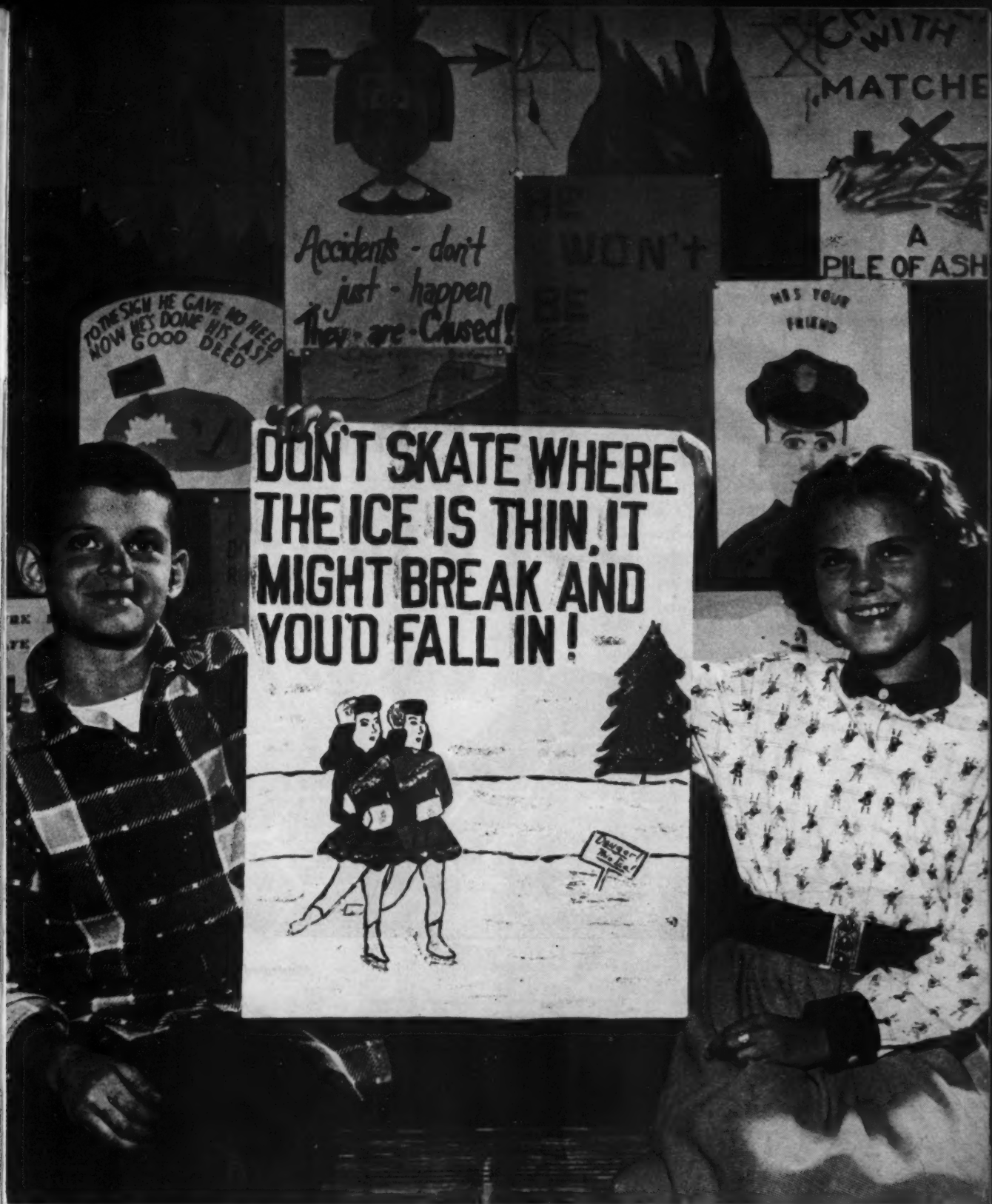
—THOMAS A. EDISON

Early to bed, early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

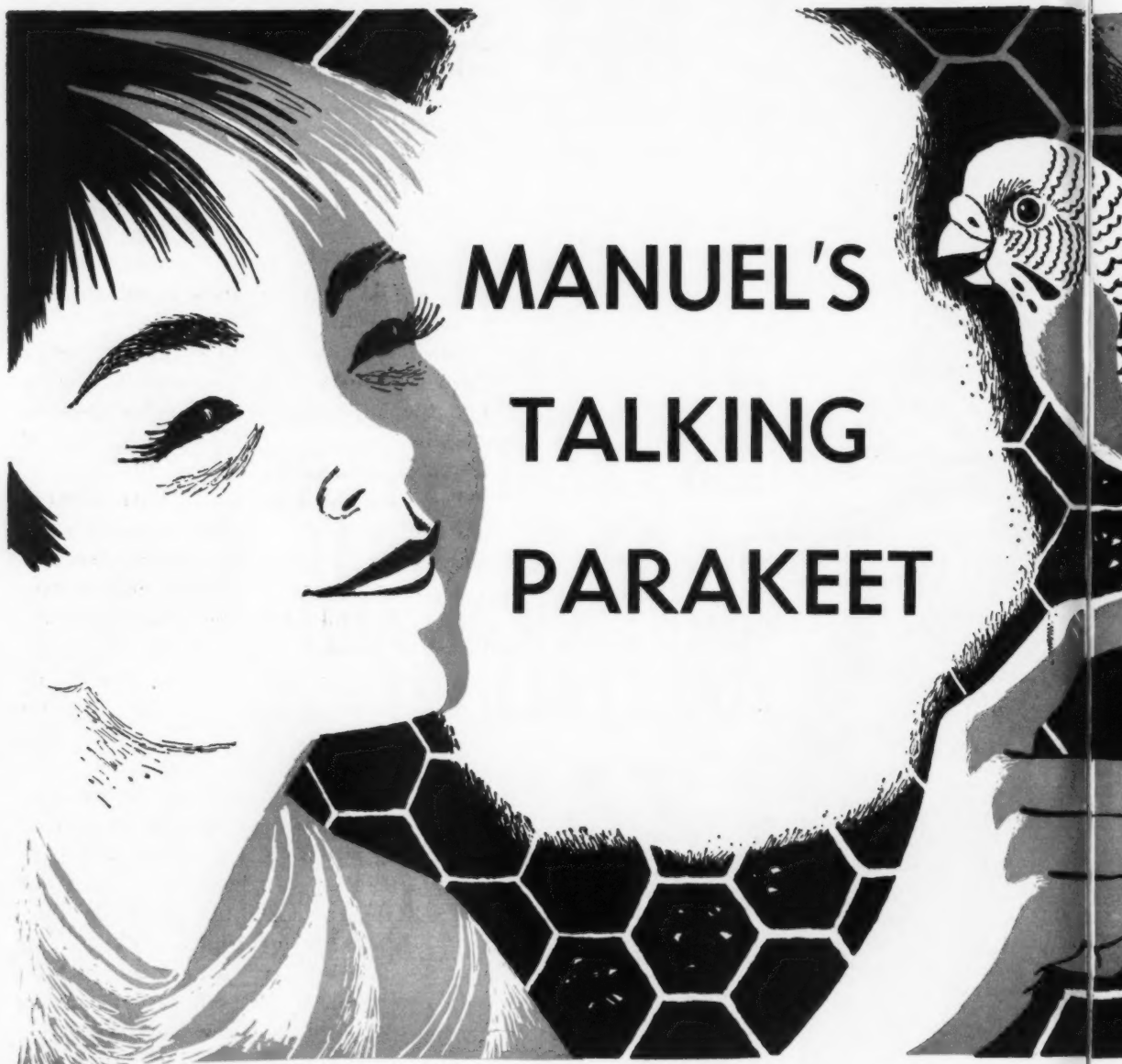
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor



ARC photo by Raymond Palmer

SAFETY POSTERS made by boys and girls in Omaha, Nebraska, as part of a special JRC project, are displayed by Douglas Mattson and Joan Torgerson of Belle Ryan School.



MANUEL'S TALKING PARAKEET

Illustrated by Susan Ericson

**Perhaps Manuel's parakeet
knew very little about talking—
but he did have the last word
in this story by Alice Reel.**

COME ON, Carlos, it's time to clean the parakeets' house," said Manuel Morales to his little brother.

Carlos nearly fell out of the swing in his haste. "Wait for me," he begged.

Picking up an old broom and hose, Manuel started toward the aviary. To his little brother, the weekly cleaning was a great event. But then, to Carlos, everything Manuel



It was a happy day for Manuel when his parakeet perched on his finger.

did and said was of great importance.

The Morales family had lived in Mexico until Uncle Jose had asked them to come to California to make their home on his ranch. He had arranged for the passports and certificates that would permit them to cross the great international border into the United States. What an experience it had been to travel along the Avenida Revolucion (high-

way in Old Mexico), then across the big bridge into San Diego County!

Uncle Jose had met them and had taken them to a little adobe house on his ranch. In a few days Papa and Mama had gone to work in the tomato fields. Manuel had started school in the nearby village of Bonita.

Papa and Mama wanted to learn to speak like the Americanos, so they attended night school in San Diego two evenings a week.

Papa's black eyes had been smiling ever since the family had come to California. Papa had reason to feel happy! Hadn't Uncle Jose said that he could buy the adobe house and a nice piece of land to raise his own produce?

Manuel worked in the fields occasionally, but his main job was to care for the parakeets Uncle Jose had bought for him to raise.

"Soon they will nest and you will have many parakeets," said his uncle. "Then you can sell them. People buy them for pets, especially at Christmas time and Easter. You must keep their aviary clean so they will be strong and healthy. That will be your part in getting started in your new country."

That made Manuel feel so important that he didn't even mind the weekly cleaning of the aviary. Within a few months there were many parakeets, blue, green, yellow, and white.

The Mexican boy found them so interesting that he made regular trips to the village to talk to Mr. White, the man who owned the feed store. Mr. White seemed to know everything about parakeets and was always glad to answer Manuel's questions.

When his little brother caught up with him, Manuel let him carry the hose. Carlos'

eyes sparkled and his face broke out into a big smile.

The minute the boys entered the sunny, screened building, the parakeets set up a great chattering and scolding. Timid mother birds peered from their nests and saucy fathers perched on the swings Mama had made from coat hangers.

"I will start the cleaning," said Manuel. "Carlos, you see if there is enough grit in the feed box."

Carlos didn't hurry to follow his brother's directions. He was too busy watching a cross father bird who was minding a nest while his mate flew down to peck a few grains of seed.

Manuel watched the birds too. "See, Carlos," he explained. "The father will let her off for a little while, but he is keeping his eye on her. He may let her swing a few minutes after she gets through eating, but he will not let her stay away from the nest for long."

Sure enough, the father bird suddenly began to scold at his mate! Before long she flew back to her nest.

Then Manuel and Carlos went to work. They scrubbed the perches, walls, and floor.

"Now, Carlos," said Manuel, "you go to the house and ask Mama for a piece of apple and some lettuce leaves. The man in the feed store said that the parakeets must have green things to eat. By the time you get back, I'll be finished and we can go to see Dicky Boy."

Dicky Boy was Manuel's talking parakeet.

"Why don't you train one of your birds to talk?" Mr. White had asked. "A talking bird brings a higher price. You would enjoy teaching one. Be sure to put him by himself, because parakeets imitate the sound they hear. If they are with the other birds, they will chatter and never learn to talk."

Following his directions, Manuel had put a 6-weeks-old male bird into a cage in an old feed shed. Then he had made friends with him until the parakeet perched on his shoulder and ate from his hand. Every day Manuel said a few words over and over.

He had thought the little fellow would never learn to talk. Then one day Manuel

heard Dicky Boy talking. His voice sounded like a tin horn, but Manuel could understand him. Breathless with excitement, he ran to tell Carlos. But he made his brother promise not to tell Papa and Mama until Dicky Boy could say more words. For the time being, it was to be their secret.

Although Manuel had intended to train Dicky Boy for sale, he began to dislike the idea more and more. Why, the bird was as much fun as the puppy Uncle Jose had given Carlos! Surely Papa would let him keep one little parakeet! When you'd taught something to talk, you felt as though it were your own.

When the two boys finished cleaning the aviary, they hurried across the yard to the old shed. They went inside, closed the door behind them, and opened Dicky Boy's cage.

"Hello. How are you?" asked Manuel.

Dicky Boy flew to his shoulder and stared at him with his sharp little eyes.

"My, my!" said Manuel.

Stick-to-it-iveness

IT IS easy to quit

When the going gets tough;

It is easy to sit

When the road is too rough.

It is easy to say,

"I don't mean to try—

It is too far away."

Then sit down and cry.

It is easy to stop

When you're halfway there,

And you're ready to drop—

But don't you dare!

Stick to the task

Till it is done;

A quitter will ask,

"Do you call this fun?"

When there's difficult work

You're supposed to do

Don't stop or shirk

But see it through!

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

Dicky Boy pecked at his hair with great interest. "Hello!" he chirped. "How are you?"

The brothers looked at each other and smiled. Dicky Boy was talking!

Just then Mama called the boys to supper. "Pronto!" she shouted.

Every time he entered Mama's kitchen, Manuel felt as though he were back in their home in Mexico. Mama liked California but she still cooked Mexican food. Tantalizing odors came from the pots on her stove.

Tonight she served *tacos* for supper. She knew just the right amount of lettuce and tomato to mix with the savory beef before she twisted the taco into a roll. A touch of cheese and green pepper gave it the most delicious flavor in the world.

Mama still clung to many of her Mexican ways. She believed that a tamale wouldn't get done unless she stayed right in the kitchen while it was cooking. She would never go outdoors after she ironed because the air might give her rheumatism. Manuel supposed that Mama would always wear her bandana and her wide, flowing skirts, and he was glad to have it that way.

Papa had news that evening. Uncle Jose had said that a friend of his was coming out

to buy some parakeets on Saturday morning. That would mean money for another payment on the stucco house.

"I am proud of the way you have taken care of them, Manuel," he praised.

The Rodriguez family came early Saturday morning. They brought their son, Juan, who was just Manuel's age.

It took Mr. Rodriguez only a few minutes to pick out the birds he wanted to buy. Then he turned to Papa. "My son wants to buy a talking parakeet," he said. "He knows that they cost more, but he has been saving his money for a long time. Do you have some?"

Papa shook his head sadly. "No, *Senor*," he said sadly. "We have had no time to train them."

As he gently put Mr. Rodriguez' birds into a cage, Manuel knew that he should speak up and say that he *did* have a talking parakeet. But he didn't want to. He loved Dicky Boy. Besides, Papa had already answered the question, so he didn't have to say anything.

Then he looked into Carlos' expectant eyes and knew that he *did* have to speak up. When your little brother thought that everything you did was right—well, you just had to live up to it!

Manuel and Carlos began scrubbing the perches, walls, and floor.





Manuel cautioned Juan to be patient in training the parakeet.

"I have a bird that talks just a little," he mumbled.

"Why, Manuel, why didn't you tell me?" asked Papa.

Carlos couldn't keep still any longer. His eyes shone as he told about their secret and Dicky Boy's independent ways.

Then they all trailed over to the shed and listened while Manuel talked to his pet. How they laughed when Dicky Boy finally got around to talk! And how he **did** talk! Never before had he done so well!

Manual turned his head to blink a tear away. Surely Juan would want Dicky Boy.

Then he heard Juan's voice. "If that's your pet, I don't want to take it away from you," he said. "Besides, I think I'd like to train one to talk, myself. If you'll pick a blue one the right age, I'll buy it."

Manuel fairly flew back to the aviary. In no time at all he had a 6-weeks-old bird in the cage. His words tumbled over each other as he told Juan how to train the parakeet.

Dicky Boy didn't know what a narrow escape he had had. But he knew something was going on. Swinging happily in his cage, he had the last word.

"My, my!" he said.

Learning Firsthand

Seventh grade science students, Rivera Junior High School, Whittier, California, learn about blood from a visit to the Los Angeles Blood Center.

ONE OF THE most interesting units in the seventh grade science class, Rivera Junior High School, Whittier, California, is the study of health and hygiene. To find out about the uses of blood and how blood is collected and processed, the students visited the Red Cross Blood Center in Los Angeles.

While half of the group watched a film on blood, the other half were taken on a tour of the center. They first watched blood donors giving information for their health cards and saw the registered nurse in charge taking specimens of blood.

This, they learned, was to check the hemoglobin count and to find out whether the health record of the donor made the blood safe to use, and safe for the donors to give.

They saw the laboratory where the blood is typed for its group, A, AB, B, or O. This was done so that the blood can be matched with that of the patient who will need it.

The laboratory, the students learned, also gives the blood a centrifuge treatment. The whirling machine used separates the whole

blood into plasma and other parts. Then the plasma is dried or frozen until it is needed. It keeps indefinitely. Whole blood is kept as long as 21 days in a refrigerator at a constant low temperature of 4-6 degrees centigrade.

Some of the uses of whole blood, the boys and girls were told, are replacement of blood lost in accidents and in childbirth, and in treatment of certain diseases like infections, hemorrhagic diseases, and chronic anemias.

The visiting group were shown the Red Cross mobile unit trucks, loading and delivering their precious life-saving product. These units serve blood collection stations in industrial plants, community halls, churches, schools, and in buildings in nearby communities participating in the regional blood program.

After the class returned to school, and the groups seeing the film and touring the center had shared their experiences, all agreed that their chance to learn firsthand about blood—and its collection at the center—was better than reading about it in a book.

Rothschild Photo

Jim Casey, Chief Laboratory Technician, Los Angeles Regional Blood Center, explains to science students (Whittier, Calif.) the method of determining a donor's blood type.





A Gift For Mother

By ALICE GEER KELSEY

Kirk's birthday present turned out to be one of the most surprising that a boy ever gave to his mother . . .

THE BIG WOODEN gate in the high wall of clay-colored bricks clicked shut behind Kirk. Whistling, he walked down the dusty road between two rows of brick walls. He felt he had already accomplished what he had been planning so long.

He was so pleased about it all that he quickly forgot the hurt and lonesome look of his small brother when he had shut the gate in his face with the usual, "Sorry, Johnny, you're too little!"

He did wish for just a minute that he had promised to bring Johnny something from the bazaar. It was tough being only 4 years old in a foreign land with no playmates. Even the black and white puppy had surprised everyone by growing so big and rough that he knocked Johnny down instead of keeping him company.

But soon Kirk forgot Johnny, and remembered with pride the three problems he had solved before he was ready to take this trip alone to the fascinating bazaar in the Iranian city of Mashad.

First, he had found out what his mother

wanted for her birthday. When he asked her outright she would say something like, "The best birthday present any mother could have would be to know that her children are happy!"

That was not much of an answer. Of course Kirk was happy with a swimming pool, and trips in the jeep, and his workbench and tools. And of course there was nothing anyone could do to make Johnny happy. He needed someone to play with and there was not anyone the right size.

With mother being no help in telling what she wanted for her birthday, Kirk felt he was smart to have found out. He had been sitting in the room once when Susan's mother was calling on his mother. The two women talked about the turquoise shop in the bazaar.

Kirk learned that turquoise was a lovely blue stone that was mined, as it had been for centuries, near Nishapur, the nearest big town. He learned that every American woman in Iran wanted some turquoise from these world-famous mines.

When Susan's mother said to Kirk's mother,

"With your blue eyes, you should always wear turquoise," Kirk knew that turquoise from the Nishapur mines was what he must buy for his mother's birthday.

His second problem was easier—getting money to buy the gift. That meant saving from his allowance for weeks, and adding the prize money he earned from his Dad by doing well in the lessons he studied every morning with his mother.

His third problem was hardest of all—getting permission to go alone to the bazaar. For days he had been trying to prove to his mother that he could speak Farsi, the language of Iran, better than she could. He was sure he knew his way around in the bazaar. If he did get lost, he could call a *droshky*, give his home address, and ride home in a high covered carriage behind a pair of jogging horses wearing tinkling bells.

It was not till the day of her birthday that his mother agreed to let Kirk go alone to the bazaar. He hoped she did not guess why he wanted to go.

He was sorry it was so late, but at least he would not have the problem of hiding the turquoise jewelry. He could give it to her with a hug and a "Happy Birthday" as soon as he came within the street gate on the way home.

Swinging down the road between the high street walls of his Iranian neighbors, Kirk was surprised to find how much longer it was on foot than by jeep. He turned onto the broader street with its four rows of tall trees, then onto the street that led to the huge golden dome and tall minarets of the famous shrine of Imam Riza.

Just before Kirk turned onto the broad street of the turquoise shop, he heard a

"I'll raise that price," Kirk heard a rough, disagreeable voice say.



familiar sound: "Hee-haw, hee-haw." But it was not the braying of a single donkey. It was the braying of dozens of donkeys.

"The donkey market!" Kirk told himself. "I've always wanted to go there and watch them buy and sell donkeys. But there's never time when I'm with someone else. Now is my chance to go—just for a minute to see what it is like."

So Kirk turned off the street, away from the turquoise shop. He followed the sound of the braying of many donkeys to a vacant lot where men wandered among dozens of gray or white or brown donkeys. The men poked them here and poked them there to see which ones were the plumpest and strongest.

A few months ago, Kirk would have been excited to see so many donkeys, but since he had been in Iran he had seen hundreds of patient little donkeys, tripping along through the streets under heavy loads balanced in their saddle bags or saddle frames.

At first he had been sorry to see what tremendous loads they carried. But now Kirk was used to that. He took a good look at the market and then turned back toward the turquoise shop.

But as he turned to walk away, he felt something warm and soft and damp on the back of his neck. He turned around quickly. There, stretching its neck to look him squarely in the eyes, was a white baby donkey. It was the smallest and the whitest donkey that Kirk had ever seen. It made a few prancing steps. It twinkled its brown eyes at him. It wagged one long ear forward at him, then the other ear. It pranced again.

"How much?" Kirk asked the price—just out of curiosity—from the man who stood beside the white donkey. But before he knew what was happening, Kirk was bargaining with the donkey's owner in good Middle Eastern style.

As the bargaining went on, just for fun of course, Kirk began to forget why he had the roll of paper money in his pocket. The donkey had such a friendly way of twitching its ears whenever Kirk won a few rials on the

price. It seemed to be cheering for Kirk, hoping he would be its next owner.

A crowd of men and boys gathered to watch the bargaining. It was not every day that a fair-skinned American boy came into the donkey market. They wondered why a boy who could ride in a jeep should want a donkey. But then, Americans were always doing queer things.

A few rials at a time, Kirk worked the price down to half the amount he carried in his pocket. He could buy the donkey, though of course he did not intend to, and still have enough money to buy a small gift in the turquoise shop.

"I'll raise that price," said a rough and disagreeable voice, speaking Farsi which Kirk could understand quite well. Kirk turned to see a dirty, bearded man on a skinny and discouraged-looking donkey. He was not the sort of man to own a small white donkey with friendly eyes. The next words from the gruff voice made Kirk sure he was the wrong man. "That donkey is young and strong enough to carry heavy loads."

Kirk could not let such a man buy the baby donkey. The boy offered five rials more. The man offered ten more. Kirk raised the price again. So did the man. A few rials at a time, Kirk kept raising his price, hoping to outbid the man.

A crowd gathered to see the fun. Kirk had made up his mind to spend every rial in his pocket to save the donkey from such a master. At last Kirk had bid his last rial and the man raised the price. The owner looked at Kirk, who shook his head and turned away.

"Wait!" the owner called in Farsi. "I'm willing to lose a few rials to be sure the baby donkey has a good home. You can have him for the price you offered."

With the small donkey nuzzling his arm, Kirk handed the money to the owner. There was a farewell chorus of "Hee-haw, hee-haw," from the unsold donkeys.

It was not till he was almost at the gate of his own home that Kirk remembered the turquoise shop. There was no use thinking of it now, with the money all spent. Here it was,



Kirk and his mother watched Johnny as he hugged his new friend.

Illustrated by
Ann Eshner

his mother's birthday, and no gift for her.

Wondering what to do next, Kirk took the key from his pocket and unlocked the street gate. There was a crunch of small feet on pebbled driveway as Johnny came running to meet his big brother. But Johnny's eyes rested on the small white donkey. He flung his arms around the neck of the little animal that was just the right size for him.

"I'll call him Peter," announced Johnny, looking the donkey over. Peter's damp nose nuzzled Johnny as though to say he liked his new name.

"Back safely?" It was mother's voice calling from the porch. She walked through the garden to join her boys near the gate.

"Oh, Mother, I'm so sorry," said Kirk. "I didn't mean to buy the donkey. I meant to buy you some turquoise jewelry for your birthday. But I saw the donkey. And a horrid man wanted to buy him. First thing I knew, I'd spent every rial I had saved for your birthday present."

"Oh, thank you, Kirk!" His mother's eyes were smiling, bluer than turquoise. "A baby donkey is exactly what I needed for my birthday!"

"Don't make fun of me, Mother, please!" wailed Kirk.

"Anyone could think of turquoise," said his mother. "Only a smart boy would think of a baby donkey. Look at Johnny, and see what I mean."

Kirk looked. Johnny was talking into the twitching white ears while he hugged his new friend. He had lost that lonely look that had been growing on him. He was happy again, just as he had been for the few weeks that the puppy had been small and gentle enough to play with him instead of knocking him down.

"Don't you remember what I said was the one and only thing I wanted for my birthday?" Kirk's mother asked. The boy began to understand that queer thing she had said about mothers wanting nothing more than to know that their children were happy.

"Now let's get the soapflakes and make a good warm suds," she said. "If Johnny and Peter are going to be such very close friends, we have to scrub away any germs."

So into the suds went Peter. And out he came, the whitest ball of fluff that ever ran around on four slim legs to follow a little master who was just the right size for him.



HOSPITAL FAVORS—

Stephen Oleson and Jeanette Takesue, JRC members in Tokyo, Japan, enjoy each other's company while they make valentine favors for GIs.

Every Day

ENTERTAINMENT—

In their gay red hats, the 52 members of the Sacred Heart School rhythm band put on a program for the hospital. (Dodge City, Kansas, Ford County Chapter)

In the JRC world, every day is Valentine's Day, when it comes to making others happy. Pictures on these pages show only a few things boys and girls are doing all the time for others.





Photo by Harold Smith

PAINTING CANS—

Fourth graders of Fairfax, Alabama, decorate flower containers and ashtrays for hospitals.

Daily Gazette and Mail

VALENTINES—

JRC members of Judson S. Hill School make heart-shaped favors for VA hospital. (Morristown, Tennessee, Hamblen County Chapter)



is Valentine's Day

OVERSEAS GIFTS—

Pupils at Elizabeth School smile as they locate countries to which gifts purchased through the ARC Children's Fund have been sent. (Charlotte, North Carolina, Mecklenburg County Chapter)





Winter in the Woodland

Strange track-patterns in the snow tell us
the secret of which animals have gone
through the woodland, if we know
how to read the tracks

Written and illustrated by
JACQUELYN BERRILL

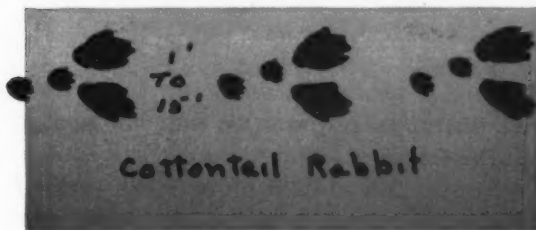
TO THOSE of us who are lucky enough to live where winter means sleds and skis and skates, the first soft snow is a real thrill. As if by magic we are transplanted into a new and different world. We run about tumbling in the soft white drifts until we look like snowmen, and then dash home with rosy cheeks to get warm and dry in front of glowing fires.

Yes, it is a glorious time of year for us. But what of all the woods animals? Are they cold and hungry or do they enjoy the blanket of snow that covers their world? Shall we visit the woods and see what has happened to the frisky happy friends we found there in the spring? Then the air was filled with the music of birds but now all is still. Most of the song birds left for warmer places with the first

signs of winter. Now we seem to be all alone, for nothing moves to disturb the silence of the snow-covered woodland.

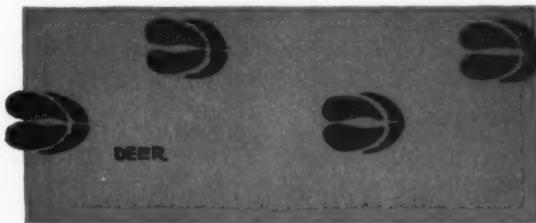
First, shall we look for tracks to tell us who passed this way before we came? One track goes from bush to bush and yet hardly sinks into the snow at all. It tells us that the snowshoe rabbit has had a breakfast of buds and bark this morning. We probably would not see him because he has changed his brown summer coat for a white one with warm long hairs, that makes him invisible against the snow. His big "snowshoe" feet keep him from sinking into the snow and he makes great jumps hardly touching the surface.

Yet our old friend the cottontail rabbit does not change the color of his coat in the winter, and his small feet sink deep into the snow, which is a great nuisance. He hides in



any convenient hole, eats dried grass when he is hungry, and, I expect, wishes the winter would hurry and pass.

We find large tracks and know that deer have also been this way this morning. The tracks lead us to some trees which have been



stripped of their bark. The bark is poor picking, but it will keep the deer alive all winter, we hope, until tender green shoots appear in the spring. Deer cannot store food and so when it becomes cold they band together in herds and somehow get through the cold winter.

There are still more tracks for us to read. This track was made by a raccoon who must have been restless and so took a walk before returning to his den for another sleep. He may be asleep in that tree which has a large hole several feet above our heads.

All fall, raccoons store up fat by eating and eating. During the long winter they do not need to hunt food but spend the time sleeping, waking when the temperature rises and sometimes walking about before returning for another sleep.



Our skunk friends do much the same, for they eat all the insects and mice they can find in the fall and become very fat. When it gets cold they go in their underground dens and curl up and sleep. They wake if there is a warm spell, and the males become restless and move about between naps. If we find a track it would look like those above.

When we lift our eyes from the blanket of snow with its story tracks, we find the trees look like lace against the winter sky, with each dark limb outlined in white. It is easy to find deserted birds' nests which now wear round caps of snow.

We notice a large nest of leaves and sticks and think at first it must be the home of a crow. But out of a hole at the side pops a frisky gray squirrel with long silvery fur and a beautiful tail carried high. He jumps from branch to branch and then runs head first down a tree trunk and starts digging in the snow. We stand very still and watch while he almost disappears in the hole he has made in the soft snow. Before long he runs up the tree

with a nut in his mouth and sits on a limb to eat it.

He won't go hungry this winter for he has food stored in many places and he seems able to find it even when it is hidden under the snow cover.

While our eyes are searching the tree tops for still more friends, we see the home of a red squirrel which is made of leaves nestled in thick branches of an evergreen tree. This fellow is also active all winter and runs about the tree tops finding nuts and mushrooms he has hidden in the forks of the branches.

We see some holes high up in a dead tree, just the right place to find the warmly lined homes of the little flying squirrels. As they are creatures of the night they will now be fast asleep. But even in the coldest weather they glide about in the twilight hunting food.

Something moves in a branch not far over our heads and we see a porcupine leisurely stripping bark from a limb and enjoying his breakfast. He isn't afraid of us and may stay there a long time before he climbs slowly down. If it is very cold, he will hide in a hollow log for protection from the winds and come out only at dawn and twilight to eat. His tracks lead to that tree and we almost missed them.



I expect the thick branches of the evergreen trees are sheltering some small brown bats who are hanging upside down asleep waiting for winter to pass. Bats sometimes go to warmer places, just as many birds do when fall comes. Others shelter in barns and under eaves or almost any place out of the wind. I shall always remember one little fellow who came to our house in our Christmas tree and

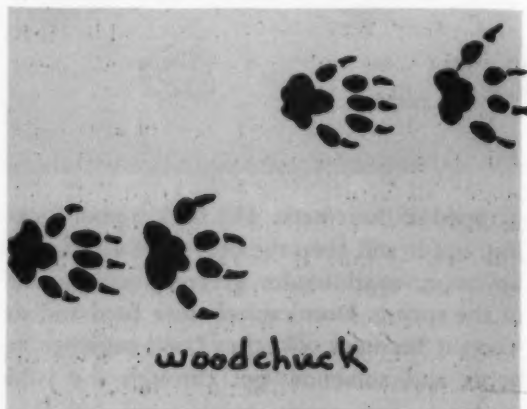
later on wakened behind a warm radiator.

But what has happened to the happy active chipmunk we found last spring, the one who took nuts from our hands? She is alive and safe too, but she is fast asleep on a bed of leaves on top of a pile of nuts and seeds deep down in her underground burrow. She sleeps most of the time during the long winter, but if she awakens she has only to reach under her mattress and find food. By spring her mattress is on the floor! When she awakens enough to feel thirsty she goes to the door of her burrow and licks snow. Her tracks would be like this,



although we find none on our winter walk in the woods.

Nor do we find those of the woodchuck for he is in a very deep sleep—hibernating, we call this sleep. He ate much food and stored a large amount of body fat which will help to keep him warm as well as nourished through the long months while he sleeps. When it became cold he felt drowsy and went into his dark bedroom, deep underground below the frost line, and curled up in a ball and went to sleep.



His breathing has almost stopped, his heart hardly beats, and his temperature drops very low. We would think him dead if we were to see him, but he isn't and when spring comes he will awaken and come out to eat the first green shoots of grass by his door.

This is just nature's way of helping animals live through the cold winter when food is hard to find. We are glad that they are there asleep in our winter woods, waiting for spring, even if we can't see them.

While some animals, like the cottontail rabbits, find the snow a great bother and flounder about in it, there are some to whom the blanket of snow is a great protection. Under the snow the small deer mice and meadow mice run about in their tunnels and are safer from their enemies than they are in the summer.

The deer mice, who can climb well, have their homes above ground in abandoned birds' nests lined with leaves and covered with grass. They run about in their snow tunnels looking for grass and seeds all winter.

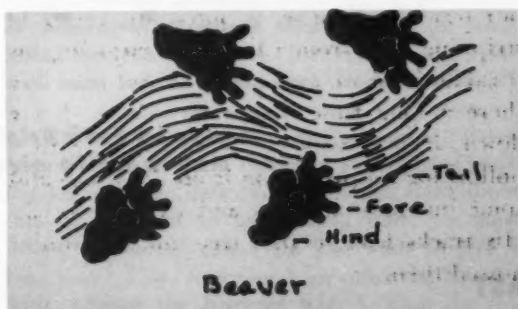
The small meadow mice usually have their homes under deep drifts but they have tunnels leading to places where grain is stored. They also run about in their white tunnels all winter and do not mind the cold at all. Of course when the mice tunnel up to the surface to look about at the winter world they may be in trouble, for their enemies, especially the red fox, are always ready to pounce on them.

The red fox with his long legs does not mind the snow at all and spends hours hunting for food. When he becomes tired he curls up in the snow with his long furry tail spread over him like a blanket.

At our feet we may see signs of a struggle and recognize the tracks of a weasel who caught his breakfast and departed full and satisfied. If we follow the tracks we may catch a glimpse of him. Don't count too much on seeing the weasel, for he has changed his red coat for one to match the snow, and it is almost impossible to find him. His new coat is called ermine, the fur which trims the capes of kings.

If we follow a partly frozen stream we may find his relative the mink, who still has a brown coat and is active all winter diving in the icy waters for his dinner and then resting in the brush at the edge of the stream.

Where the stream becomes a frozen-over lake we come to the home of the beaver family and find the ice thick all around the house. The family is safe and warm inside and never feel the pains of hunger, for their pantry is full of twigs and sticks anchored in the mud at the bottom of the stream. All they need to do when they are hungry is to go down a hole in the floor of their house and swim to the pantry and return to the warm home with a nice piece of poplar to eat. When they are finished with their meal of bark, they throw the sticks down the hole out of the way.



Perhaps we get our greatest thrill when we come quietly out of the woods into the open and see a group of otters playing on an icy slide exactly as we do. They flop on their bellies, slide headfirst down the slope and into the icy waters. Then, dripping wet, they climb the hill and wait turns to take another "belly flop." We watch them play until they become tired. Or they may realize they are being watched and dive into the cold water and swim away.

Our winter trip to the woods is over, but I expect ever after we will remember this experience of quiet and beauty. We may return often to see if we can read the tracks and learn the stories they tell of how our animal friends live when the snow blankets everything and turns the world into a winter wonderland.



A play by Evva Brinker which your class may want to give at an assembly.

CAST

Radio Announcer—dressed in long-trousered suit

Three Safety Sisters—dressed alike in blouses and pleated skirts, with hair bows

Grandpa Safen Sound—dressed as an old man with beard and cane, powdered hair

Three Kareful Kids—boys or girls (more may take part if desired) dressed alike with paper hats, and bands across chests with letters KK

Betty and Bobby—brother and sister suits

SETTING

A sign, STATION S-A-F-E, hangs below the announcer's microphone at right side of stage. Action takes place near center of stage.

At opening of curtain, announcer takes his place and holds up his hand for silence. A boy enters at other side of stage, holding a large watch and a sign. He looks at the watch intently for a moment, then holds up the sign, ON THE AIR. Immediately there is heard the three musical notes of the time signal. A few bars of piano music follow.

ANNOUNCER (*Reads slowly and effectively*):

Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! Station S-A-F-E is on the air! Today we are bringing you a program called "Play Safe," produced especially for the boys and girls of America. There's nothing boys and girls like more than play. And there's nothing more important than playing *safe*. So today we've brought together a group of famous speakers and singers who will tell us in verse and song just how to play safe.

To start with, three of the most famous sisters in radio are going to sing (or recite) for us. (The Safety Sisters come on stage.) Boys and girls, the Safety Sisters!

SAFETY SISTERS (*A bar of music introduces them. They sing or recite. The melody is Gilbert and Sullivan's "Tit Willow." Each girl has one stanza.*):

You ask me why I never play on the street.

It's safer, it's safer, it's safer.*

I don't like to bump my head on the concrete.

It's safer, it's safer, it's safer.

A man was once running to catch a street car,
He bumped me and I got a terrible jar.
I refuse to be struck by a man or a car.
It's safer, it's safer, it's safer. (Unison)

And I never play in a building that's new.
It's safer, it's safer, it's safer.
I might step on a nail or an old rusty screw.
It's safer, it's safer, much safer.

Once I stepped on a loose board; it flew very high.
It hit my poor head and almost hit my eye.
I remember that day with a sorrowful sigh.
Now we're safer, and safer, and safer. (Unison)

And I never play in an old empty house.
It's safer, it's safer, it's safer.
It's not that I fear I may meet with a mouse.
But it's safer, it's safer, much safer.

Once I played in a house where the flooring
was bad.

There was glass on the steps—what a bad fall
I had!

For a week I was in bed, and Oh, was I sad!
Now we're safer, and wiser, and safer. (Unison)

(*Each of the three girls sings one "it's safer,"
except where the line is marked Unison.)

ANNOUNCER (*Leads the applause*): Well!
Wasn't that fine! And some good ideas they gave
us too. They tell us not to play in the streets, not
to play in houses being built, and not to play in old
empty houses. Thank you, Safety Sisters, thank
you.

And now, we have a surprise! It wouldn't be
fair to hear from just young folks today. We
haven't been in this world very long. We ought
to hear from some older person too, someone
who's lived a long time and done it well. So, we
sent a telegram to Grandpa Safen Sound. Grandpa
Safen Sound is 92 years old. 92!

(*Enter Grandpa.*) Here he is now! Let's give
him a hand. (*Leads the applause.*) Now, Grand-
pa, tell us how you managed to live to the ripe
old age of 92.

GRANDPA (*Imitates old man, talking slowly in
nasal tones*): Ninety-two, that's right. Be ninety-
three come next April. And still happy.

ANNOUNCER: How did you do it. Grandpa?
Most folks don't live that long.

GRANDPA: How did I do it? Why, by safe living,
that's how. By trying to be safe at home, safe on

the street, and safe at work. (*Nods.*) Safe even
while I slept.

ANNOUNCER: You mean you obeyed traffic
rules, tried to prevent fires, and so on?

GRANDPA: That's just it, young man. That's
what makes you live a long time. I aim to live
till I'm over 100. By-being-careful.

ANNOUNCER: And when you were little, did
you play safe too?

GRANDPA: I certainly did. If I hadn't, I mightn't
be here talking to you now. See what I mean!

ANNOUNCER: Wish I could live to be as old
as you, Grandpa.

GRANDPA: Now don't you start thinking 92 is
so old, young fellow. This cane I'm carrying, that's
just for looks. I don't need a cane. Look at this
one. (*He tosses the cane aside and does a clog,
or handsprings several times.*) Well, so long,
folks. See you when I'm 100! (*Picks up cane
and runs off as announcer leads applause.*)

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Grandpa Safen
Sound! Well—I guess Grandpa was right. (*Smil-
ing.*) Even if he isn't quite 93 he was right about
this—if we want to live a long time, we must
follow the safety rules! Do you want to live a
long time? I do. And now here come the Kareful
Kids. (*Enter the Kareful Kids.*) What do you
have for us today, Kids?

KAREFUL KIDS (*More may be added by divid-
ing the lines differently*): Advice!

ANNOUNCER: Advice?

FIRST BOY: Yes. And you'd better take it, or
else—

ANNOUNCER: Or else what?

SECOND BOY: Or else you may not live a long
time.

ANNOUNCER: All right, Kareful Kids. Let's hear
it. Start in.

KAREFUL KIDS: (*Slowly and emphatically.
Motions such as pointing at audience, arms
akimbo, etc., may be used.*)

(*More on next page*)

(KAREFUL KIDS)

(First) If you just *will* hurry on the stairs,
Don't say I didn't tell you.

(Second) If your troubles come in double pairs,
Don't say I didn't tell you.

(Third) If your foot slips up and you tumble
down,
And you bruise your knees and break your crown
And your body's black and blue and brown

(All) Don't say we didn't tell you.

(First) If you leave the soap in the bathroom tub,
Don't say I didn't tell you.

(Second) If the next man falls when he takes a
scrub,
Don't say I didn't tell you.

(Third) If the soap slips out of your hand some
day
And skids on the floor quite far away,
Put it back in the dish before you play.

(All) Don't say we didn't tell you.

(First) If you leave your toys lying all around,
Don't say I didn't tell you.

(Second) They may hurt somebody I'll be bound,
Don't say I didn't tell you.

(Third) If you leave your marbles on the floor
And your Dad falls down with an awful roar
And he breaks a leg—maybe three or four!

(All) Don't say we didn't tell you! *Don't!* **(Exit)**

ANNOUNCER: *(Applauding)* Fine! Fine! They tell us not to run on stairs, not to leave toys around on the floor, and to watch out for that slippery cake of bathroom soap. That's advice I'm going to take.

And now there's a song by that new radio team, Betty and Bobby Bright! *(Betty and Bobby enter.)* What are you going to sing for us, Betty and Bobby?

BETTY AND BOBBY: "I've Been Thinking."

ANNOUNCER: You've been thinking? Tell us about it.

BETTY AND BOBBY: *(To the melody of "Rachel, Rachel, I've Been Thinking")*

(Betty) Bobby, Bobby, I've been thinking
what a fine thing it would be
If we all had great big playgrounds—
What a treat for you and me!

(Bobby) Betty, Betty, I've been thinking
That's the finest thing I've heard
We could slide and run and play games
Swing in the air just like a bird.

(Betty) Bobby, Let's go ask our parents,
They will help us you can bet.

(Bobby) They will see our city council,
We will get those playgrounds yet. **(Exit)**

ANNOUNCER: Betty and Bobby have the idea, all right! The way to get plenty of nice big playgrounds is to get our *parents* interested. Then they'll go after the people who govern the town, and pretty soon we'll have such fine playgrounds we'll never want to play in the streets.

Now, there's just time for one more song before we go off the air. I'm going to ask the Safety Chorus to give us a rousing good-by song. *(Calls.)* All right, folks!

(The children come on informally. If desired, others may be added to the chorus and some favorite song may be inserted as a "request number.")

CHORUS: *(To the melody of "Auld Lang Syne")*

If we can get enough playgrounds
And follow safety rules,
Then you'll be safe *(pointing to audience)*
And I'll be safe *(pointing to selves)*
At home and in our schools.

Then you'll be safe and I'll be safe
In any kind of weather.
We'll follow health and safety rules *(joining hands)*
And all be safe together.

ANNOUNCER: *(Piano plays the three musical notes for the time signal.)* Station S-A-F-E now signing off at *(give time)* and reminding all of you to—Play—Safe. *(He leads applause as boy comes on stage and takes down sign, ON THE AIR.)*

CURTAIN

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED—

Illustrated by John Donaldson



1 Fourteen-year-old Barbara Edwards was quietly doing her weekly ironing at her home in Croyden, Pennsylvania, one summer afternoon. Suddenly she heard cries of help from her neighbor's yard.



2 Running outdoors, Barbara discovered that Jimmy Wert, a 19-month-old child, had fallen into a pickle crock filled with water. Jimmy's father had found him, head first in the crock, and the child was not breathing when he was pulled from the water.



3 Remembering the Red Cross first-aid training she had received in the eighth grade at school, Barbara promptly applied artificial respiration to the young child.



4 By the time the rescue squad, called by Mrs. Wert, arrived, the child was breathing. The doctor who attended the case credited Barbara with saving the baby's life. For her action Barbara received the Red Cross certificate of merit.

The cat that wanted to go home

By CATHERINE WOOLLEY

Illustrated by Marie Nichols



A read-aloud story for little folks . . .

CONRAD was a cat. One day his family thought they would go and visit some friends, so they took Conrad in the car and went to visit their friends.

When Conrad got to the friends' house he said, "This is not my house. I do not like it. I am going home." And he trotted off down the road.

Conrad saw a house, and he went to see if this was his house, but it wasn't. He said

to the lady politely in cat language, "Could you tell me the way to my house?"

The lady did not answer his question for two reasons. First, she did not know cat language and second, she did not know the way to Conrad's house. She said, "A drink of milk? Here is a drink of milk."

Conrad drank the milk for three reasons. First, he was hungry; second, he was polite; and third, he knew it was no use asking questions if people did not understand cat language. "Well, thank you. Good-by," Conrad said.

Something inside him said, "Go down this road," so he went down the road, though he didn't know at all if this was the way.

Conrad came to a fork in the road. One sign pointed this way, another pointed that way. Conrad studied the signs but he didn't know whether the signs said Africa or Princeton, New Jersey.

Something inside him said, "Take the right fork." So he took the right fork, though he didn't know at all if that was the way.

Conrad's feet were getting tired when he saw a service station. He thought perhaps the service station man might understand cat language, so he went up and said, "Excuse me. I do not have my car today. I preferred to walk. But could you tell me. . . ."

"A drink of water?" said the service station man. "Here is a drink of water."

Conrad lapped up the water for one reason: he was thirsty. But he looked at the maps in the map rack and thought, "If I could only

follow a map I could get home right away!"

Something inside him said, "Cut across that field." So he cut across the field, though he felt very doubtful.

Conrad trotted along the road. He cut across the fields. He took a path through a patch of woods. He caught a field mouse to eat. He found a brook to drink in. He traveled day and night, and he grew quite thin and his feet became terribly sore.

He kept thinking, "What will my family say? They will say, 'Oh, what a stupid cat! Takes forever to get home and no wonder. Can't talk English. Can't read signs. Can't follow a map. We don't want such a stupid, uneducated cat!'"

Conrad felt worse and worse and more and more ashamed of himself. Yet something inside him said, "Keep on walking." So he kept on walking.

One day when he was so tired he could hardly take another step, Conrad saw something familiar. His house! He broke into a gallop. He forgot his family might not want him back. He called, "Here I am!"

Conrad's family came running. Conrad said, "Oh, I am so glad to be home!"

And Conrad's family understood cat language. They cried, "Conrad's here! And oh, he is so glad to be home!"

Conrad said, "Please excuse me for taking so long. I tried to ask some people the way. . . ."

His family cried, "Imagine! He couldn't ask the way but here he is!"

Conrad said, "I tried to see what the signs said. . . ."

His family cried, "Just think! He couldn't read the signs but here he is!"

Conrad said, "If I just could have followed a map. . . ."

His family cried, "He didn't have a map but he got here just the same. Conrad, you are a smart, wonderful cat!"

"I am?" asked Conrad in amazement.

Then Conrad's family gave him a great big welcome-home turkey dinner. Conrad began to eat. He stopped and said to himself thoughtfully, "I'm a smart cat." He ate some more. He stopped and said to himself thoughtfully, "I'm wonderful."

Then Conrad happily gobbled the rest of his dinner and he thought to himself, "What do you know about that!"

"Would you like a drink of water?"
asked the service station man.





Illustrated by
Rudolph Wendelin

Ways You Can Help

Our nation's safety problem is a serious one. Preventing accidents is a real challenge to Junior Red Cross. Here are some ways to help:

- Survey your school for accident hazards
- Hold a fire prevention campaign
- Make safety posters
- Conduct clean-up campaigns
- Inspect homes for safety
- Write safety articles for the NEWS and for your school paper
- Use luminous tape on your bicycles
- Take first aid courses

Operating a Bicycle

*If you should own a bicycle
Please learn to ride with utmost care;
While out, you are responsible
So try to do what's safe and fair!*

*Watch out for traffic all around;
Don't hitch a ride behind a car;
Don't ride "no hands" upon your bike
Or let kids ride your handlebar!*

*Don't operate without a light,
And don't forget to look both ways
When crossing tracks or streets or roads,
For care in traffic always pays!*

—NONA KEEN DUFFY



Learn-to-swim program, Beaumont, Texas.



Salvador gets first aid kits from the AJRC.



Studying first aid in San Francisco, California.

Using the NEWS in Our School

The JRC NEWS is not wasted in our school. Many of our classes subscribe to the magazine and we have copies in our library. I have seen many children check out the NEWS. Stories are often read in the classroom by the teacher or students. At our JRC meeting our secretary reports on what we can learn from the magazine.

Joyce Kent
Lakewood School
Norfolk, Virginia

Poster Postscripts

Boys and girls seem to like the idea of helping hands, used on this year's JRC enrollment poster. They have written about it and made posters too. Fourth graders at Plaza Road School, Charlotte, North Carolina, traced their own hands on a large board (pictured below), indicating their wish to help others through Red Cross.

A similar poster was made by first graders at Roosevelt School, Manville, New Jersey. In fact this school thinks it may have thought of the idea before anyone else, as its poster was made in early 1954 before the poster was planned at national JRC headquarters.

In a fine article entitled "Hands That Serve" (published in the *Emblem* of Jefferson County Chapter, Birmingham, Alabama), William Crump tells his fellow students how they can help others through JRC.

JRC at Work

"ONE OF THE best meetings we've had," was how members of the Framingham (Massachusetts) chapter board described the special performance put on for the chapter's annual dinner meeting. Fourteen pupils from grades 2 through 6 at Jonathan Maynard School put on a typical council meeting, showing in good parliamentary style how the school carried on its Junior Red Cross program.

Hands

*I cannot invent new things,
Like the airships which sail
On silver wings;
But today a wonderful thought
In the dawn was given.*

*And the thought was this:
That a secret plan
Is hid in my hand:
That my hand is big, BIG
Because of this plan.*

*That God, who dwells in my hand,
Knows this secret plan
Of the things he will do
for the world
Using my hand.*

BY KAGAWA



Pupils in Charlotte, N. C., are pictured with the exhibit they made based on the 1955 enrollment poster.



Remember To Be Careful

Moderato

Words and Music by Baron Keyes

Re-mem-ber to be care-ful, Yes, e-ven in the house. Of course we don't mean

tim-id, Or qui-et as a mouse, But tacks and nails and match-es, too, Could

hurt you by surprise; It's best to leave such things a-lone. Be hap-py, but be wise.



Illustrated by Alice Fitzgerald

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Los Angeles, Calif.

